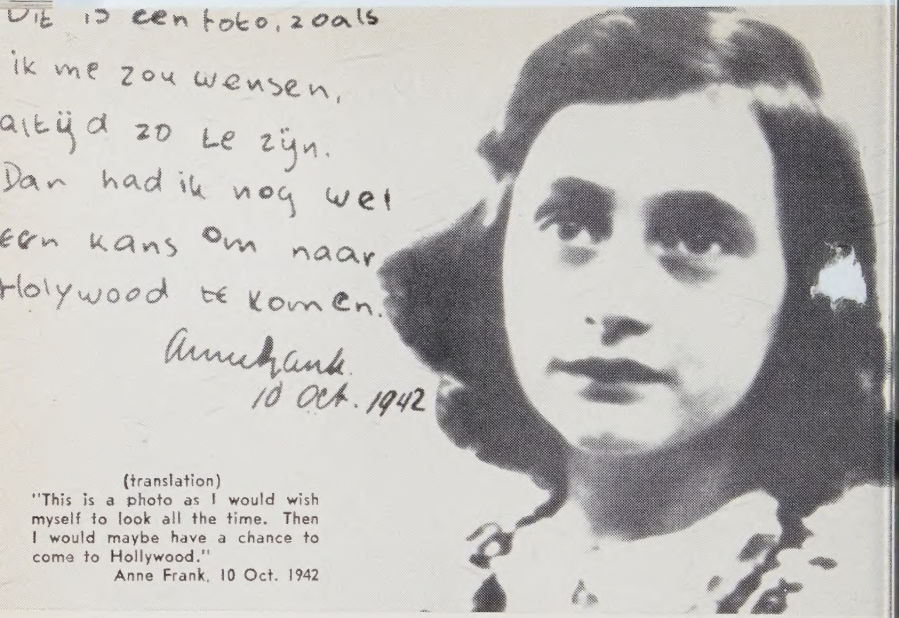
"For in its innermost depths youth is lonelier than old age." I read this saying in some book and I've always remembered it, and found it to be true. Is it true then that grownups have a more difficult time here than we do? No. I know it isn't. Older people have formed their opinions about everything, and don't waver before they act. It's twice as hard for us young ones to hold our ground, and maintain our opinions, in a time when all ideals are being shattered and destroyed, when people are showing their worst side, and do not know whether to believe in truth and right and God.

Anyone who claims that the older ones have a more difficult time here certainly doesn't realize to what extent our problems weigh down on us, problems for which we are probably much too young, but which thrust themselves upon us continually, until, after a long time, we think we've found a solution, but the solution doesn't seem able to resist the facts which reduce it to nothing again. That's the difficulty in these times: ideals, dreams, and cherished hopes rise within us, only to meet the horrible truth and be shattered.

It's really a wonder that I haven't dropped all my ideals, because they seem so absurd and impossible to carry out. Yet I keep them, because in spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart. I simply can't build up my hopes on a foundation consisting of confusion, misery, and death. I see the world gradually being turned into a wilderness, I hear the ever approaching thunder, which will destroy us too, I can feel the sufferings of millions and yet, if I look up into the heavens, I think that it will all come right, that this cruelty too will end, and that peace and tranquillity will return again.

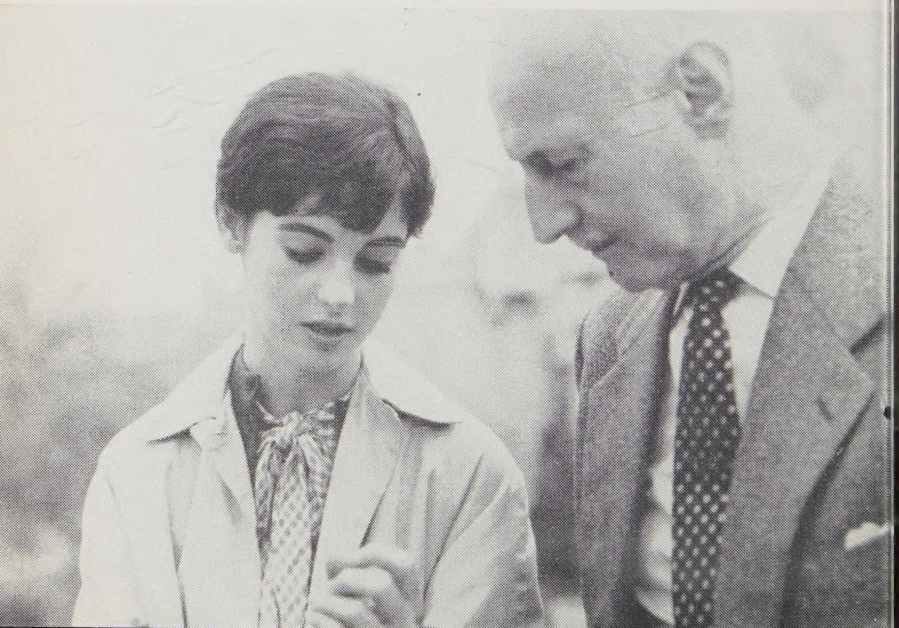
In the meantime, I must uphold my ideals, for perhaps the time will come when I shall be able to carry them out.

Yours, *Anne*



(translation)
"This is a photo as I would wish myself to look all the time. Then I would maybe have a chance to come to Hollywood."
Anne Frank, 10 Oct. 1942

Anne Frank/eighteen years after . .



You hop on Tram 13 and ask the conductor to let you off at Westermarkt. Then, you walk down Prinsengracht, a clean but shabby street, along the sparkling main canal in an industrialized neighborhood of Amsterdam until you arrive at number 263. There, a small sign posted on the door tells you to ring the bell if you wish to enter. So, you ring the bell and a fresh-looking young girl opens the door, invites you in and leads you into a large sunlit room.

You glance out of the window and see the dancing reflection of the sun on the busy waters of the canal. How lovely, you think, and how wonderful are the houses of Amsterdam with their huge windows on the world, allowing their inhabitants to keep close tabs on the happenings outside their doors. You are interrupted in your musing by a blonde young man of about 19: "Welcome," he says, "to the International Youth Center of the Anne Frank Foundation."

With those words, it is almost as if the blinds were suddenly drawn on the big open windows, just as they were constantly drawn when Anne Frank hid inside. You remember where you are and what took place on this very site. And you are sad.

"There will be a group making the tour in just a few minutes," the young man says. "Meantime, you may want to look at some of the exhibits. Or, perhaps you would prefer to wait in there."

"In there" is a large meeting hall, somewhat resembling a library, with tables and chairs and a few people reading leaflets or looking at the abstract paintings which line the walls. The painter, a young Dutch expressionist named Hans Hamer, hurries over to explain his work to you.

Then, you walk back into the sunlit room, up a small flight of stairs and enter another room, filled with glass cases and bulletin boards. You examine them and discover they are all mementoes of people who are dead, who have been dead for more than 18 years. Jews.

You hear a stirring among the waiting people and the blonde boy beckons you into the midst of a group.

"We go now," he explains, "to enter the back room—we call it *het achterhuis.* Shall we start together?"

You and about seven others follow him up another flight of stairs to a small foyer with a window at the right and a dilapidated old bookcase directly ahead.

"This is the entrance," he says, and pulls back the bookcase to reveal a narrow wooden stairway. "This is where Anne Frank lived for more than two years!"

As you start up the stairs you are filled with an almost overwhelming feeling of dread—almost as if you are being led into a prison cell from which escape is impossible. But then you comfort yourself with the knowledge that in just a few moments the ordeal will be over. An ordeal is what it is for anybody who has read the Anne Frank diary and come to know and

o Frank advised Millie Perkins in her film portrayal of his daughter.

Youth

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Cover Story:

Although Anne Frank was a teenager before most of you were born, she caught the spirit of youth for all times. A quote from her diary sets the pace for youth of today. There is hope if we live up to the best in each of us.

A swinging cupboard (below) still hides the stairs to the Secret Annexe on the top floor of this building (above) in Amsterdam where the Frank family hid for more than two years. Today the house is a tourist attraction and an international youth center.

love the youngster who meticulously filled the pages of her notebooks during the long years of waiting.

In all the world today there are few people who do not know the story of Anne Frank which started in 1942 when the Germans were in control of Amsterdam and their campaign to exterminate the Jews seemed about to begin there. On July 9, 1942, the Frank family quietly slipped into the upper floors of a business building on one of Amsterdam's main canals—263 Prinsengracht. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Frank, there was Margot, age 16, and Anne, age 14. A few days later they were joined by another friend and the Van Daan family, including Peter, age 16. All were Jews. Fed and cared for by non-Jewish friends, these eight people were holed up in the dank quarters which Anne referred to as the Secret Annexe for more than two years. During this time, Anne kept a diary—an intimate record of herself and the world through her eyes. Then, on August 4, 1944 the police raided the Secret Annexe and all the occupants were arrested and sent to concentration camps. In March 1945, as far as can be ascertained, both Anne and her sister Margot were imprisoned at the Belsen concentration camp. Typhus was raging. They had managed to stay together for so long. Both were suffering from the disease and slept in tiered bunks, one above the other. One day, Margot tried to crawl out of her bed, fell, and weakened by her condition, died almost instantly. Two days later, a heartbroken Anne Frank followed her sister to the grave. Of the Anne Frank family, only the father, Otto Frank survived the war.

Now, you are entering the same rooms which the Frank family occupied. "This group of rooms," the guide explains, "has been preserved in almost the exact state in which they were left. Perhaps the floor covering has been duplicated—the feet of tourists have worn grooves in it. So many people come here from all over the world."

But this has not always been the case. You know that for about 12 years after the war, the Anne Frank house was all but forgotten, except for an occasional tourist who would somehow locate number 263, ring the bell and ask to see the place where the Frank family had lived. Then, in 1957 it was learned that a nearby factory had acquired the property and was planning to tear down the house to make room for additional factory space. In the public uproar which arose, the Anne Frank Foundation was born. Amsterdam's incensed citizens finally forced the factory owners to turn the house over to the Foundation and a collection was started to restore the Annexe which was in a state of disrepair.

Anne's father, Otto Frank, now a wealthy resident of Switzerland, became actively interested in the project and donated a sum of money to be used in activating the ambitious program of the International Youth Center of the Anne Frank Foundation. And in 1959 a world-wide fund-raising campaign was begun to make the house at 263 and the two buildings next door into a center where young people of all races, nationalities and religions can meet, discuss matters of common interest in a spirit of tolerance

and cooperation. Officially, the purpose of the Foundation is: "To foste and promote the ideals given to us and to the world in Anne Frank's diary." And the youth center is simply an extension of that purpose.

"This is the room in which Anne spent most of her time," the guide i saying. You gasp. "Those clippings . . . are they . . .?" you ask.

"Yes," the guide answers. "Those pictures on the wall were placed ther by Anne herself."

You note that Anne's interest in movie stars was typical of her ag vel Obviously her favorite, because of a preferred position on the wall, wa Deanna Durbin. You examine the wartime Hollywood stars which Ann tacked up.

Then you come to one of the saddest sights of all. At first it seems to b merely some pencil scribblings on the wall. But the guide explains tha these marks are the record of Anne's growth during her two years o adolescence spent in that room. Her father measured her every month an the rising series of lines testifies to the fact that those were Anne's years o rapid growth, physically as well as emotionally.

You are interrupted in your thoughts of Anne by the voice of anothe tourist who is standing by the window.

"It really was not so bad, yes?" he says and points out of the window a the green garden blooming in the courtyard below. "At least she saw garden."

The guide looks up angrily. "Sir," he said, "that window had always t be heavily curtained so that not one beam of light could be seen from out side. It was never possible for Anne to look out during the day, and it wa such a risk at night even with the lights out that her parents seldom allowe it. Do not forget that outside there were conquerors who wanted only t kill her."

The German tourist nodded pleasantly. "Ah, yes, of course," he said.

You look at the guide and you see the fury in his eyes.

"The tour is over," he says and the tourists file down the steps one by one You linger in Anne's room and the guide remains with you, shaking hi head sadly.

"Do you get many questions like that?" you ask.

"Even worse," he explains. "I am amazed to find that so many Germa tourists seem to have no feeling of responsibility for what happened here They only seem to have a morbid curiosity about the place. They brin their children and their lunches. To them it is just an amusing horror stor like Hansel and Gretel."

"Are most of the tourists German?" you ask.

"No, American. Maybe 60% American, 25% German and 15% Dutch an other nationalities. But the German percentage is going up. Many of th American groups send wreaths and flowers. But, seldom the Germans."

The student-guide shook his head again. "Whenever I am asked insensi tive questions, I wonder if we are making a terrible mistake in keeping th

Anne Frank house alive. What people don't seem to realize, unless we point it out to them—and we do—is that the Frank family were among a fortunate few in all of Holland. Before the war there were 140,000 Jews in this country—now there are only 25,000. Practically all of the missing ones were killed by the German Nazis. And it was only the lucky ones like the Franks who could find a place to hide and non-Jews willing to help hide them."

You realize how true this is—and you think about those 115,000 Jews, part of the staggering total of 6,000,000 who were eliminated by the Nazis. And you remember that they were not lucky enough to find a "paradise" such as you have just been seeing.

"But then," the guide continues, "I force myself to recall the spirit of Anne Frank, and to consider the fine activities which are also part of the International Youth Center here. And I know that it really is worth while. In the past few months we have had talks on the Islamic faith, human rights, eight different weeks devoted to the study of selected countries, a talk on the resemblances among all religions, a panel on Germany as a NATO partner, a Peace Week, films and folk music, symposiums on everything from nuclear weapons to apartheid. And then, too, almost all of the more than 100 rooms in the Student House next door have been used by local and exchange students during the school sessions. And now they are available to young people and groups of young people from all over for less than $2.50 per day. We are really becoming a center of activity for the youth of the world!"

He leads you down the narrow stairway and pulls the bookcase door closed behind you. His enthusiasm has almost blanketed the feeling of sadness which pervades the Secret Annexe. Perhaps, you think, this is as it should be.

You thank the guide and you take one last breathless look at the bookcase at the top of the stairway. Then, you open the door and you step out into the brisk, clean air of Amsterdam. You marvel at the beauty of this city, so often overlooked on tourist itineraries. And you find yourself thinking ahead to that wonderful epicurean specialty of Amsterdam, the Indonesian meal you are going to enjoy later on with Dutch friends.

But then, you find your mind wandering back to Anne Frank. And you sadly recall the entry which Anne wrote in her diary on April 4, 1944: "I want to go on living even after my death! And therefore I am grateful to God for giving me this gift, this possibility of developing myself and writing, of expressing all that is in me."

And suddenly you are sad no longer. For you have realized that Anne Frank's wish has come true.—ARTHUR UNGER

If you are interested in supporting the work of the International Youth Center of the Anne Frank Foundation, donations can be made into the account of The Anne Frank Foundation, Youth Center Department, Amsterdamsche Bank N.V., Damrak Branch, Amsterdam, Holland.

Sometimes I felt like a stra ger, sometimes like a nativ but always I felt the exci ment of the experience.

—Alex Necker, Simsbury, Conn.

EUROPEAN TOUR

i remember last summer .

Thirty young people of the United Chu of Christ spent a month in Europe a summer as guests in British homes, as yo delegates to the International Congreg tional Council in Rotterdam, as particip in the International Youth Seminar in Do Castle, Holland, and as tourists in Ge many, Switzerland, and France. Some i pressions are shared here.

Many Americans seem to think that all Europeans are either farmers or refugees or sex-pots, which is not true. Europe has as varied a society as we do. —Bruce Hoffman, Raleigh, N. C.

*Old buildings and old customs do **not** mean that a country is old-fashioned and out-moded! European buildings are old because they have lasted for generations, quite unlike our plate-glass and stainless steel ivory towers which look great, in a simple sort of way, but which hardly outlast the men who build them.*

—John Kernodle, Jr., Durham, N. C.

EUROPEAN TOUR/

My eyes were opened to the "rules of life," especially in Paris where people seem perfectly free to get drunk. But if they do, no one else is responsible, each person is expected to take care of himself and bear any rough consequences. In Holland they have had to allow prostitution, but they require medical check-ups for health welfare. Even though we might disagree, I must and shall be allowed to uphold my own standards of right and wrong, but the lesson to learn is to be tolerant of other people's standards and take each action in its own context. Living and learning requires an open mind, strong ideals if they are to be upheld, and a shock-proof system.

—Nancy Hull, Yakima, Wash.

Europeans are proud of their background and culture and

nfluenced greatly by it. They love freedom and peace, dislike war. ▶

—Bruce Crockett, Baldwin, Kan.

I'll never forget a statement a Dutch girl made. Just the

EUROPEAN TOUR/

At Sterkenberg, where we Americans lived for a few days with Dutch young people, I sat one night talking to some Dutch girls as I put up my hair in big brush rollers. I noticed that my Dutch friends were watching me closely. Finally one girl asked, "Do you wear those things to bed?" "Yes," I answered. "But don't they hurt?" she asked. "Well, yes," I had to admit. "But they look so funny, too," said another girl. I laughed, and soon they were laughing, too, at how silly American girls are to torture themselves with those ugly big rollers. Come to think of it, I agreed.

—Ann Gastier, Oxford, Ohio

e said it: "You don't make friends, you only recognize them."

—Larry Kiser, Osburn, Idaho

It was at this time as I stood at the top of the mountain all alone that I felt nearer to God than ever before.

—Russ Landolt, Highland, Ill.

EUROPEAN TOUR/

A world-wide Christian fellowship **does** *exist. Oftentimes we Americans confuse our Christian heritage with our democratic heritage. It is good to discover that people of other nations with different types of government live much the same as we do in relation to their fellowship—Christian principles do not know the limitations of any form of government or of any man-made boundary.*

—Mike Daly, Moorhead, Minn.

USA teen in the USSR

Jean Berman, a high school sophomore in her home town of Newton, Mass., spent last year in Russia with her family. While she was there she attended a Soviet school in the heart of Moscow. Jean's father, who teaches at Harvard Law School, went to the U.S.S.R. in order to study Soviet Law and give lectures on American Constitutional Law. Now that she has returned to the United States, Jean has some penetrating and amusing experiences to relate, which she shares here with YOUTH'S *readers. Jean is a member of First Church (U.C.C.) in Newton Centre, Mass.*

The soldier who greeted us at the Soviet border near the town of Brest was one of the handsomest men I've ever seen. He smiled broadly as he opened the gate and waved us on, staring at our Volkswagen microbus loaded down with 20 pieces of luggage, a French horn, a guitar, and six people. Six people . . . each one holding his breath, wondering about the future, but not quite daring to think about it. We drove through the gate, and our year in the Soviet Union had begun.

Russia! For almost a year we had been planning our trip, thinking about language problems, things to bring, and the question of schooling. My older brother, Stephen, and I took intensive Russian lessons for five months before leaving. Mother studied at an adult education class, and Dad tried to teach my younger brother and sister, John and Susanna. We packed trunks full of warm clothes, soap, toothpaste, and toilet paper. We decided that John, Sue, and I would go to a Russian school, if possible, and Stevie would attend Moscow University. Most of all . . . we wondered. To me, Russia was a big, red storm cloud! I couldn't picture its people, its country, its cities and villages.

But time passes swiftly, and here I am back in Newton, U.S.A. Now, when I think of Russia, I think of Red Square and the Kremlin, Gorky Park and the Bolshoi Theatre, the Hotel National and Moscow School No. 131; but most of all, I think of the wonderful friends I made—Alec and his wife, Tanya, Father Mathew from the Russian Orthodox Church, and especially,

From her hotel window Jean saw parades in Red Square in Moscow.

School, to my great surprise, turn

my dearest school friends, Mila and Nelly. . . .

When that wonderful but all-too-short summer of 1961 began nearin its end, and we had been in Moscow for one month, Dad arranged to me the principal of the public school nearest the Hotel National (which w our home for the year). Late in August, John, Sue, Mom, Dad, and I toc the 15 minute walk from the hotel to the school, where we met Grigo Ivanovich, and found that we would be welcome to study in his school f the year. John would enter the fourth class (fifth grade in America Susanna, the fifth (sixth grade), and I, the eighth (ninth grade). Grigo Ivanovich gave us some books to take home to study, told us that Sue a I would need uniforms, but not Johnny, and said that the first day of scho was September first—and to be there at about 8:15 on that exciting day.

On the eve of September first, Sue and I laid out our brown serge dress with the white aprons. We laid out our school bags with paper, pens, a pencils. And when the time came, we went to bed . . . but *not* to slee It was too hard to sleep, with the knowledge that the next day a whole ne experience would begin for us. However, I must have fallen asleep soon or later, because before I knew it, the sun was streaming through t window, and the alarm clock was sounding. Sue, John, and I jumped o of bed, and in no time at all, we were ready to leave. It was exciting!

At 8:30 we were sitting in the principal's office, when a cute 14 year-o girl knocked on the door and came in. Her name was Goolya, and she h been instructed to take me to my class. She smiled at me and sai "Hello," and I smiled back, saying, "Zdrastvyuitye." Then she took m hand, and we left the safety of the office. I was scared stiff, but tried n to show it. I couldn't let Goolya think that Americans were sissies!

The first day of school ended, and so did many others. Goolya was ve nice, but she was not in my room, and so we slowly drifted apart, and

Moscow School No. 131 does not look too different from a U.S. school.

Studies involve

ut to be easier than in the States!

found new friends. All the kids in my room were nice, but two, especially, became my very best friends. With them I spent much of my spare time, and from them I learned much of what I know about Russian teenagers.

The first thing I learned was that Russian teenagers are just like Ame[illegible]n teenagers in many ways; later, I learned that they are different, too. But the most important thing I learned is that each Russian teenager is a *different* person. Many have similar opinions about certain things, but they have different ideas about other things too, so that each is an individual, just as we are in America.

School, to my great surprise, turned out to be easier than school in the States! We studied a multitude of subjects: Russian (grammar and literature), history, geography, English (another class had French), algebra, geometry, physics, anatomy, chemistry, mechanical drawing, machinery, and phys. ed. However, we actually had less hours of school per week, got out earlier everyday, and had less homework, than at home! We had one standard textbook for each subject, and from that we did nearly all of our homework. Except in literature, there was no outside reading ever assigned, no reports to write, and no extra projects. There *was* more science and math than at home, and those subjects were generally taught well. It was the social sciences that lost out. Even in the States, you get a slanted view if you read only one book in history, political geography, and literature. And in the Soviet Union, the views are much more biased. Also, there was no discussion in class—never a "Why" was asked. Yes, Moscow School No. 131 was easier than Weeks Junior High but also not nearly as interesting.

One thing I noticed right off was that most of the kids in my room wore red Pioneer ties. The Young Pioneers is a state-run organization similar to our Boy and Girl Scouts. The one major difference is that it is compulsory, except for a very few, such as children of priests. The Pioneers

jects and less homework.

Folk songs are popular, but so is American jazz.

(ages 10-15) prepares the kids for membership in the Young Communist League, or Komsomol. The Komsomol (ages 15-22) is not as compulsory as the Pioneers, although most kids join it. It supposedly prepares youth for membership in the Communist Party.

Both of my best friends, Mila and Nelly, were anxious to become members of the Communist Party. They never criticized Communism openly, for undoubtedly their friends, teachers, and parents would have been shocked if they had. Communism to Mila, Nelly, and many other Soviets, is a dream that they hope will be realized in the future. Their government tells them that the dream will be realized in twenty years. Communism is their religion, and the arrival of their dream will be the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. Most of the teens are a little unsure as to just what it will be like. They have vague ideas that all necessities of life, such as bread and clothing, will be free; some think there will be no money; others say there will be no crime; everyone will have a car; everyone will have a large apartment. Will there be freedom? I often wanted to ask. But there was no mention of freedom, and it was a sore spot that I was afraid to touch.

From some of the above-mentioned ideas that Russian teens have about Communism, you can probably get an idea of their present standard of living. Most families living in Moscow have only two, maybe three, rooms to live in. Quite a few have only one. Conditions are very crowded, and that is probably the major reason why I

Walking out-of-doors is a leisure luxury.

he hopes will be realized in the future.

was never invited to my friends' apartments. Mila was an only child and her family had only one room, besides the kitchen which they shared with other families on their flat. Because of the close living, there is unavoidable friction between brothers, sisters, and parents. Who gets the family car is a problem unheard of because most Russians don't have cars, but there certainly must be fighting over whether Sasha watches TV, Tanya practices the piano, or Father corrects papers, when all three things must be done in the same room! There is a lot of juvenile delinquency in Moscow, and much of the cause must be the close living.

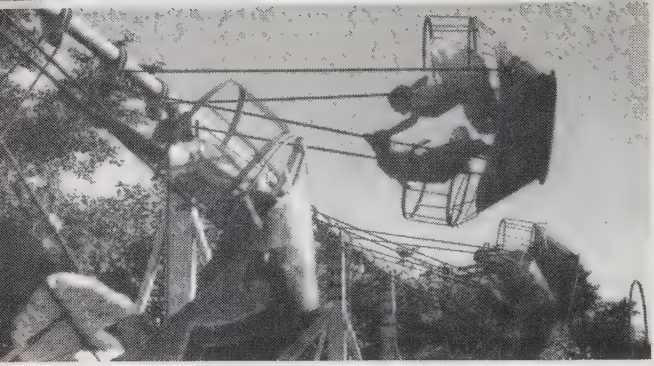
Another result of the close living is that most Russians spend a lot of their free time outside. I often went on long walks with Mila and Nelly, and it was during these walks that I had some of the most interesting conversations with my friends. For example, here is one that I had one cold, but beautiful day late in February. Mila, Nelly and I were walking towards Red Square. We were approaching the entrance to the spacious, cobblestone square, the Mausoleum, where Lenin, the leader of the Soviet Socialist Revolution, is preserved like a mummy for thousands of Russians to look at.

"There's the Mausoleum, where Lenin is. Lenin was a great man, huh, Jean?" Mila said, looking closely at my face to see what my reaction to this would be.

"Lenin was very *famous,*" I answered.

Mila gave me a sideways glance, knowing that I was avoiding a direct

All sorts of things are sold at a Russian market.



Moscow's Gorky Park includes an amusement center for all ages.

These steps are a fa

Very few kids my age dated

answer, and said, "Lenin was famous *because* he was great." So I said o handedly that Hitler was famous, too, but not great. This statement rath upset Mila, and she said I shouldn't compare Lenin with Hitler. I said wasn't; I was just giving another example of a "famous" person.

Then Mila said, in a very matter-of-fact tone, "Jeanochka, you are a ba girl." Naturally, I asked why. "Because you don't love my great leade was the answer. Then I said, "Mila, you are a bad girl." "Why?" she aske

"Because you don't love *my* great leader," I told her. She looked a litt puzzled at that, and asked who my great leader was—George Washingto

"No, Mila," I laughed, and then became serious. "God is my gre leader." That made my friend quite impatient. She stamped her foot a said, "And where does God live?" I answered that he lives everywhere, b mostly in our hearts. "And where does Lenin live?" I asked her. S faltered, and then said, "in the Mausoleum." But she was caught, f whether or not I believed that Lenin lived on earth or in another worl Mila did not, and when I protested that Lenin was dead, so how could h live, she had no answer. Nelly, meanwhile, had not said one word.

There are so many conversations I would like to record here! Once saw a terrible anti-American movie called "The Court of Madmen," a afterwards I had a great argument with my friends. They asked me ho I had liked the movie, and I said I thought it was the stupidest movie I'd ev seen, and that started the fireworks! Luckily, though, we parted as frien and, despite many other discussions, we always remained friends.

If my life outside of school was interesting, my life in school was oft more so. Outside, I was frequently just with a few kids, but inside, I s several hundred, and after the year was over, I had made some conclusio about the differences and similarities of the kids as a whole.

One noticeable difference was that the kids my age were socially young than kids my age at home. Most of the 14-year-old girls still wore brai

ɔot for keeping a date.

U.S. tourists struggle with Russian language at ice cream stand.

although they flirted enough!

(and many looked very pretty in them!), *very* few kids dated—although they flirted enough! and at dances—we had five or six at school—the 14- and 15-year-old boys were still too embarrassed to ask the girls to dance.

Another difference was the dancing. At our school parties, most of the records played were American, English, French, or Italian rock n' roll, but the kids didn't dance rock n' roll at all like we do. They danced in a fox-trot but moved their feet in time to the music. I couldn't do it at all! They began hearing about the "twist," but didn't dance it.

A third difference I noticed was that, at least among my friends, the kids seemed to know much more of their great literature than we know of ours, and much more about great classical music. I was ashamed when Mila told me her favorite composer was Beethoven and asked me who mine was, because I didn't know. I was ashamed when she asked me if I liked the opera "La Traviata," because I had never heard it.

Then there were other differences because of the political and economic differences of our two countries. *All* the girls plan to work; most of the bright students want to join the Communist Party when they are older; none of my friends believed in God.

This last difference depressed me greatly, and I began to feel that by the time my generation grew up, religion would have all but died out in Russia. But after attending Russian Orthodox Church services in Moscow, I became more hopeful. True, most of the people who packed the churches were old, but there were fair numbers of middle-aged men and women, and maybe 15 to 20 young people from the ages of 12 to 25 at many of the services. Despite the fact that Nelly had told me that "only peasants who don't know any better" believed in God in the Soviet Union, despite the fact that atheism is preached in the schools, newspapers, and textbooks (not continually, of course, but here and there), there *are* some young people who believe.

None of my you

How are Russian teens like us they don't do the twist and plan join the Communist Party? Well, th grumble about homework and so don't do it; they worry about tests a some even flunk; the girls get gethe during recess and sometimes gigg about nothing at all; the boys thro paper airplanes at the girls when t teach is out of the room; many of t older girls wear their hair teased in high beehives; many like jazz a would love to hear more of it; th don't want a war.

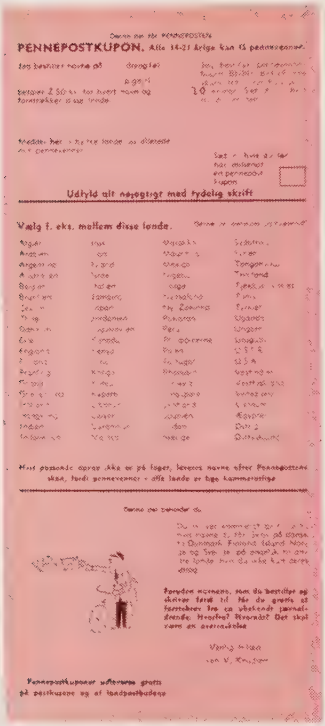
How do I know that my teen-a friends don't want a war? Not b cause they told me outright; not b cause I asked them outright. But b cause Nelly once told me sadly th four of her uncles had died in Wor War II; because Natasha's father h been killed in the war; because eve single Russian family suffered fro the last war, and the scars of it a still vivid; and because they were friendly to me.

I left Russia feeling very hap and very sad. I was happy becau I had such wonderful Russian frienc and because I knew they want friendship and peace between th country and mine. I was sad becau they knew so little about America a Americans, and most of what they d know about America was bad. wished so much that Mila and Ne could come and visit me in Newto so that they could meet my Americ friends, and my American frien could meet them.

—Jean Berman

An elderly woman pauses in an Orth Church.

Russian friends believed in God.


PENNEPOSTKUPON. Alle 14-21 årige kan få pennevenner.

Udfyld alt nøjagtigt med tydelig skrift

Vælg f. eks. mellem disse lande.

THE PEN PAL KING . . . and the independent race of youth

"If what you have in you is good and you present it in a selfis
way, you are doing the world a service!"

The man who said those words was talking to me about himself. H didn't mean to sound egotistical either. To Dr. Sven V. Knudsen, sometim known as pen pal king of the world, these words constituted a philosoph of life. For this sixty-ish native of Denmark has devoted almost his enti adult life to the cause of international friendship—more specifically, t introducing young people to each other. Since 1926, Dr. Knudsen ha conducted *The Pen Pal Directory of All Nations*, introducing Dane to Dan American to Indonesian, Nigerian to Italian, etc., crossing all nation borders and serving more than 12 million members of what he calls "th independent race of youth."

I called on Dr. Knudsen in his combination home-office overlooki St. George's Lake in Copenhagen. And it was a very special visit for m because in my teen-age years I had corresponded with boys and girls i England, India, Palestine and Egypt through the auspices of Dr. Knudsen Directory. So, it was with a feeling of continuation that I sought out th

modern apartment building in the heart of beautiful Copenhagen where I finally reached him.

Dr. Knudsen turned out to be a kindly-looking, greying and balding man who gave me the impression of youth and enthusiasm. Yet, behind this warmth I could sense sternness. Here was man who believes in permitting young people to do things for themselves, as he constantly pointed out, but at the same time I always had the feeling that he knew exactly what those things should and will be.

"So, you were one of my young people!" he said, when I informed him that I had utilized his pen pal service many years before. He chuckled to himself and then turned to the two men who were sorting name plates in long boxes. "He is one of our pen pals," he said with obvious pleasure.

Over hot cups of coffee Dr. Knudsen and I chatted about our respective work. He was very interested in the magazine which I edit and in the fact that it offers guidance to young people who are looking for direction.

"Now," he said, "my work is very different. In The Pen Pal Directory of All Nations there is no guidance, no leadership, no education. We leave

everything to the person, all activity depends upon the individuals involv
All we do is provide the names and addresses—the introductions. The r
is the responsibility of the pen pals."

"Can you always depend on teenagers to answer letters?" I asked.

"Not always," he said. "That is why we do not accept requ fr
people younger than 14. The young ones very often do not keep up th
end of the bargain. But, in our Surprise Letter Service, we have discove
that 89% of the letters get answered."

"Surprise Letters?" I asked.

"Yes," Dr. Knudsen said. "Anybody of 15 to 21 years of age who r
isters with the Surprise Letter Service at no cost to them at all will ge
friendly letter in English directly from a person of the proper age. All th
have to do is send their name, age, sex and address to me in Copenhag
Denmark. No other address is even necessary—everybody in Denm
knows about me."

As a matter of fact, millions of people all over the world know ab
Dr. Knudsen. And I was anxious to find out more of the story behind t
unique man. Here is what I learned.

Sven V. Knudsen first came to the attention of the Danish public arou
1918 as one of the nation's greatest soccer stars. As a student, he w
named to the All-Denmark team for five consecutive years. After a sh
stint as assistant headmaster of a Danish school, he decided to travel arou
the world in order to study the youth of all nations. He wrote a num
of books about his adventures and they became best sellers in Denma
While on his world tour, Dr. Knudsen became very impressed with
work-study program at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and wh
he was offered a teaching post there, he accepted. It was 1925 and
Knudsen dreamed of easing international friction by bringing the yo
of all nations into contact with each other. He felt that "the independ
race of youth" might be able to solve the problems that its fathers could n

So, he worked out the details of the pen pal directory, took the plan
the now-defunct boys magazine called *Open Road* and in February 19
his first "My Friend Abroad" page appeared. It was an immediate suc
and from that moment on the international directory was in business.

During World War II, Dr. Knudsen was caught in Denmark, where
Germans refused to allow the international correspondences to contin
So, he began providing names of Danes to Danes in other parts of Denm
and soon one third of all Danes in the 14-21 age group were pen pals.
even this activity was soon prohibited by the Nazis when Dr. Knudsen

interned and held as a hostage against Danish resistance. After the liberation, Dr. Knudsen returned to his old ways and soon The Pen Pal Directory of All Nations was again functioning. Right now, according to Dr. Knudsen, he serves as many as 300,000 new pen pals each year from a total of 170 different lands and states. In Denmark today, every post office offers pen pal addresses to young Danes through Dr. Knudsen's service.

"The Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs believes not only in the race of youth," he smilingly remarked, "but also in the sale of postage stamps."

I asked Dr. Knudsen if he is able to maintain much personal contact with the young people who use his service.

"No," he said. "There just isn't that much time. And it would only complicate our system. Letters . . . letters . . . letters . . . that's what is important." As soon as contact is established, Dr. Knudsen feels his job is completed. "I don't tell them what to say in their letters. That's no more my business than it's the telephone operator's business to tell you what to say on the telephone when she connects you with another party." All Dr. Knudsen does recommend is that you tell your pen pal about your daily life.

"Have you ever had any marriages among your pen pals?" I asked.

"Surely pen pals get married," he said. "But not to their pen pals. During more than 35 years, though, I have learned of only a dozen exceptions out of a total of 12 million." In many cases, however, Dr. Knudsen says he has heard of pen pals arranging for their respective children to correspond.

I could see that Dr. Knudsen was becoming a little anxious to resume his work. Every now and then, one of his assistants would bring over a letter from a correspondent and ask for his advice. All of the employees worked with long narrow trays filled with 3x1½ inch slips of paper on which was typed the basic information concerning each pen pal. It suddenly dawned on me how complicated the whole operation was—especially with the need to update the ages constantly. I stood up and Dr. Knudsen firmly, but kindly, led me toward the door.

"Thank you so much for visiting me," he explained, "but now I must get back to my young friends. There is so much more to do."

I started to thank him for giving so much of his time and was about to ask just a few more questions which had just occurred to me—but I stopped when I saw that he had already started back to his desk.

"I'll write to you, Dr. Knudsen," I called out to him. Somehow mail communication seemed much more appropriate. But Dr. Sven V. Knudsen, international pen pal king, didn't even hear me. He was already busy opening the morning mail.

—ART UNGER

Don't just sit there. *If you really believe in improving understanding among the peoples of the world, you'll make an extra effort to do something about it. You'll read the daily papers and newsmagazines in depth. You'll talk with people who have worked, or traveled, or grown up in other countries. For example, have you chatted with that exchange student right in your own*

WHAT YOU CAN DO

school? If you're really honest in your convictions, you'll seriously study the languages, customs, history and religions of peoples of other lands. You'll write to pen pals abroad. You'll welcome foreign students to your church, your school, or your home. And perhaps go overseas yourself someday. Give life and meaning and action to your dreams, hopes, and ideals. Don't let the future die.

Where to get a pen pal/

- The English Speaking Union
  Pen Friends Division
  16 East 69th Street
  New York 21, N. Y.

For persons 9-16 years old, between the United States and Great Britain. Send letter and stamped, self-addressed envelope, giving name, age, hobbies.

- The International Friendship League
  40 Mt. Vernon Street
  Boston, Mass.

For persons 8-28 years old. Listing of 93 countries. Cost: 50c per person. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for official application.

- Student Letter Exchange
  Waseca, Minnesota

For persons 10-24 years old. Cost 25c per name. Send for application.

- Children's Plea For Peace
  World Affairs Center
  University of Minnesota
  Minneapolis 14, Minn.

Send letter and stamped, self-addressed envelope, giving name, age and hobbies.

- Letters Abroad, Inc.
  45 East 65th Street
  New York 21, N. Y.

Must be at least 15 years old. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope, giving name, address, age, occupation and general interests.

- Dr. Sven V. Knudsen
  The Pen Pal Directory
  Copenhagen, Denmark

Write for order blank. Forms will be sent providing four pen pals. Cost $1.00. If you are interested, the Surprise Letter Service will give you a mystery pen pal at no cost. (See story on pages 26-29.)

Open door to foreign students/

More than 53,000 overseas students come to this country each year. They live in dormitories, eat institutional food, and seldom see the inside of a U. S. home. What kind of an image of American life do these students take back with them? They come as ambassadors. How can we be ambassadors in return?

You can share America with a foreign student. Why not invite one into your home? There are doubtless several students living at a state university or private college near you. A visit with you and your family may mean the difference between feelings of hostility and feelings of genuine understanding toward the American people. But be careful when you plan your invitation, for it will take considerable thought on your part. Ignorance of foreign customs and habits could turn your best intentions into blunders and reap only ill will.

Get in touch with a local business or school organization which will have a listing of foreign students and can arrange an introduction for you. When you meet, speak clearly and slowly, allowing plenty of time to get acquainted. Language differences can be a large problem if you aren't careful. When you invite him, make sure he knows your correct address, directions to your home, the time of the visit, and the appropriate type of dress. When he comes, eliminate unnecessary fuss and fanfare: show him your hobbies, let him help in the kitchen, talk intelligently to him about his country. When you plan the menu, check to find out whether there might be any customs which would prevent him from eating certain foods. Don't limit your invitation to one visit for subsequent invitations will make him feel he really belongs. And finally, share your thoughts with him by talking together as friends.

Exchange person to person/

Of the several high school exchange programs approved by the U. S. State Department, only one is church-sponsored. The International Christian Youth Exchange is sponsored by 11 cooperating U. S. Protestant denominations, including the United Church of Christ. The general goal of the ICYE program is to foster better understanding between countries. Through a direct student exchange individual participants and communities learn in yet another way that "in Christ there is no East or West."

There are two exchange programs. A one-way host project can be sponsored by a local church which arranges through the ICYE national headquarters for an overseas student between the ages of 16 and 18 to spend a year in a local community living with a church family. The initial cost is $500. A two-way exchange project is one in which a foreign student comes to a U. S. community, and that community sends one of its high school students abroad for a year. The initial cost to the sponsor is $1500. Sponsors can be a local church, a group of churches, or local civic and school groups in cooperation with a church. The deadline for receiving application for the year of 1964-65 is October 1, 1963 for U. S. students wishing to go abroad, and February 15, 1964 for a host family desiring a foreign student to come to the United States.

The United Church of Christ, as an active ICYE participant, has 15 churches in the one-way exchange program and 14 participating in the two-way exchange. For further information on the ICYE and how your church might participate in it, write to: Specialized Ministries, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, United Church of Christ, Pottstown, RD 2, Pa.

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